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THE EARTHEN VESSEL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

With Portraits in Photogravure.

Demy 8vo. Third Edition.

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

A VOLUME DEALING WITH SPIRIT-
COMMUNICATION RECEIVED IN
THE FORM OF BOOK-TESTS BY
PAMELA GLENCONNER WITH A
PREFACE BY SIR OLIVER LODGE



*"Sorrows are past and in the end is shown
The treasure of Immortality."*

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*"It is decreed, the hidden word is spoken,
The Earthen Vessel worthy stands
To hold the sacred wine."*

INTRODUCTION

THE notes taken at the time of the sittings from which this narrative has been drawn have been preserved, and are in my possession; and these notes will be at the disposal of any one who may care to see them in corroboration.

The failures have been recorded as well as those considered successful, so that the reader may come to a true understanding of the case and count on an impartial rendering.

Nothing has been kept back, save when the message in the Book-Test has had three or even more points of contact, and some among these have been considered by the recipient as being of too private a nature to be published. When this is so, the reader is notified of the suppression.

In Appendix I to this volume Mrs. Leonard's account is given of her first introduction to *Feda*.

One point requires emphasis.

Our conviction that we have spoken with our Son does not rest upon the evidence of these Book-Tests alone. They are but so many blades in a green pasture, a few clear drops in the waters

of comfort that have been, and remain, an inexhaustible stream; but they have one paramount claim above the forms of spirit-communication more commonly known. Like the system of Cross-Correspondence, they have been devised to provide proof of a discarnate agency. Many who long to communicate with those who have gone on, dread the action of telepathy operating between their own mind and the mind of the medium. These Book-Tests destroy the possibility of such telepathy, and they require of the long arm of Coincidence a very long arm indeed. In the best instances messages have been traced and proved apposite, in books described and found in houses unknown to the medium (as in Book-Tests I. and II., and Book-Tests X. and XI.), and unknown both to medium and recipient (as in Book-Tests XIII. and XIV.). When this is so, it may be conceded that they provide a strong argument in favour of the continuity of personality beyond the grave.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

*Wilsford Manor,
Salisbury,
July, 1920.*

PREFATORY AND EXPLANATORY
NOTE

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

PREFATORY NOTE

I AM asked to tell the readers of this book how the curious phenomenon now known by the name of "Book-Tests" arose, and what is its probable significance.

It seems to be part of a scheme, devised by those who are communicating with us from "the other side," to get messages through in a way that cannot be attributed to any ordinarily recognised variety of subconscious activity on the part of the medium, nor to telepathy or mind-reading between the medium and the person who is receiving the messages. This is undoubtedly the appearance; and this is what I consider to be the truth.

After the death in 1901 of F. W. H. Myers—who was well aware of our difficulty in accepting spirit-communion, or the continued mental activity of the dead, as an authentic or probable explanation of the undoubted lucidity of an entranced medium—we gradually found that as a supplement to the more ordinary and simple domestic communications, which have long been

known and which still continue, certain special devices were being employed—most of them apparently initiated by Myers—whose object it clearly was to reduce the number of alternative explanations, and especially to eliminate telepathy from living people as a necessary element in interpreting the phenomenon.

The first success in this more elaborately evidential direction was met with in the system of Cross-Correspondence; that is, the obtaining of similar or corresponding messages, almost simultaneously, through three or four different amateur mediums or automatic writers, some of whom lived in different countries and were unacquainted with each other. These ladies wrote quite independently and spontaneously, and often did not understand the meaning of what they were writing; but their writing told them to send unintelligible script up to the Central Office of the S.P.R. in London, presumably for further study. An investigator, who had the advantage of being able to collate the manuscripts, then found that the disjointed sentences, the apparently stray literary quotations, exhibited unmistakable coherence and corre-

spondence one with another, and moreover were capable of significant and characteristic interpretation.

That is the system of Cross-Correspondence which, beginning simply, gradually grew very elaborate, and has been reported on at considerable length, though not even yet fully, in several recent volumes of the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*

The next method adopted, by what is now considered the S.P.R. Group of Communicators on the other side, was the sending of more or less obscure literary allusions and the invention of classical problems of such intricacy and essential scholarship that they were beyond the scope of the transmitting medium, and were often unintelligible at first to the people receiving and studying them. Sometimes, indeed, they were recondite enough to puzzle living classical scholars, until some hint or clue was afforded by the ostensible framer of the problem, when the significance of the whole leaped to light.

The best known instances of this kind of problem are the two called respectively "The Baptism of Statius" and "The Ear of Dionysius," both skilfully reported on by the Rt. Hon. G. W.

Balfour. Another decidedly simpler one, of an earlier date, was contained in replies given automatically to a question about Lethe; this was reported on in its first stage by Mr. J. G. Piddington, and in its second stage by myself (*Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, Vols. XXIV. and XXV.).

A third method has now made its appearance, and has been employed at intervals during and since the War, consisting in the development of what are called "Book-Tests." Of these we now have a large number of independent records, which are being examined by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and will in due time be critically reported on by her. The evident object of this third method is to send messages in such a form that they shall be unintelligible, not only to the medium of communication and to the person receiving them, but to everybody, until the clue is followed up and the message decoded, when the meaning ought to be unmistakable. If tests of this kind are successfully accomplished, it is plain that no simple kind of mind-reading can be appealed to or regarded as a rational explanation.

The method consists in specifying the number of a page in a book, itself indicated only by its

numbered place on a given shelf in a bookcase whose position is described, in a house to which the medium need have had no access, though a house presumably, or usually, well known to the ostensible communicator. The idea is that a sentence shall subsequently be found on that page by any one who follows the instructions and identifies the book, which sentence shall sufficiently convey an intended message, or shall show a similarity in thought to what has otherwise been said, or shall be appropriate to the actual circumstances or past connection of communicator and intended recipient.

Chance-coincidence suggests itself as the first obvious explanation; but though chance-coincidence may serve for a few instances, the number of such tests already received is by this time great enough to make that explanation extremely difficult—and in fact almost to put it out of court. Still it is one which must be seriously discussed, for it will inevitably be asked—indeed the question asks itself—how can such a power, the power of knowing or perceiving what is on a certain page of an unopened unseen and distant book, be possessed by any one, whether discarnate or not?

How can we suppose that such a power is possible? How can the feat be done otherwise than by prearranged and deceptive ingenuity?

I have no wish to anticipate the verdict now being prepared, based on a long and responsible examination of the facts; but to me the question is not one that can as yet be answered. Even the condition suggested above as naturally to be expected—that the book shall be one familiar to the communicator—even that seems not really essential. There is evidence that sometimes, by special effort, a prescribed sealed book, or a book in a stranger's house, can be partially read, or some details in it correctly given, by an expert communicator. And it is even stated, in a responsible manner, that some features about the first page of to-morrow's *Times* can be perceived, provided the material has already been set up in type. (See a series of articles by the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas in *Light* during the early half of 1920.)

What the bearing of this singular clairvoyante power may be, and how far it affects our evidence for survival, is a subject open to discussion; because it may be argued that if all sorts of records

can be read by means of a clairvoyante human faculty, then one proof of survival, based on the supposition that some kinds of information supernaturally received must be traced to an extra-terrene source, becomes increasingly difficult or uncertain. With that argument, however, I have in the present connection nothing to do.

The existence of the power of reading in a closed book is not a new discovery; it had been already demonstrated very clearly by that well-known automatist of a past generation, Mr. Stainton Moses, a Master in University College School, London; the details of the test being reported in his book called *Spirit Teachings* (p. 33 of the Memorial Edition). This unexpected and curious power has been attributed sometimes to hyperæsthesia, sometimes to clairvoyance; but to call the power by either of these names is no explanation, any more than calling a faculty "telepathy" is an explanation.

If I am pressed to say what explanation, if any, begins to commend itself to me, I have to confess myself in a difficulty. I can only say, without prejudice and without expecting much agreement, that it seems to me probable that to

explain all these things we shall have to admit access to a set of mental phenomena hitherto ignored by science. It may even be found that a few of the things now, and on the whole wisely, relegated to the ash pit of superstition will have to be disinterred and reconsidered.

We appear to be on the threshold of a position somewhat analogous to that of an isolated savage tribe when they first come into superficial contact with visitors from countries more developed than their own—people who are possessed of strange and inexplicable powers.

Such incursion of higher or extraneous civilisation would be resented; assertions as to the existence of a white race would be derided; and intercourse might be forbidden by the priests; but ultimately, for better or for worse, the facts would have to be accepted and incorporatated with ordinary knowledge.

Such enlargements of experience, if sudden, must be fraught with danger; and those who resist and oppose the incursion may be doing their form of service by making its acceptance slow and gradual. People in general are not yet called upon to face such a position; it is probably un-

desirable that they should. I have stated it as a hypothesis the discussion of which I see looming in the future—the by no means distant future—but it need not at present be regarded as a necessary outcome from the facts.

The first thing is to make sure of the facts, and to develop an explanation later. If we always refused to attend to or utilise a fact until we understood it, and had a theory of it, we should be in the absurd position of refusing to recognise the truth of the statement that unsupported objects move towards the centre of the earth; for in the present stage of our knowledge “weight” is not understood.

The simpler course is to reject the facts altogether as manifestly impossible, but the apparently simple is not necessarily the true; moreover, it is a stultifying attitude to set one’s face against facts, to refuse to learn from them, and to run the risk of denying reality merely because we will not take the trouble to investigate and understand it. The facts are reputedly reported, and are worthy of critical examination; though critics will be wise not to make up their minds hastily, but to wait for the promised detailed and cautious

report. The result may be to enlarge experience in some ways at present unsuspected. It was thought impossible at one time chemically to analyse the stars, because no particles of them could be put into our test-tubes.

Truth is recognised as simple only when it is adequately and fully grasped. The phenomena of spectrum-analysis were a few years ago growing so astonishingly complex as to afflict some physicists with a kind of despair; the lines in a spectrum were so numerous, so oddly grouped, and so artificially variable; yet now we see that the outcome is going to be a beautiful simple theory of the structure of atoms—a theory which will unify every form of matter and exhibit its astounding variety as the result of the ordered combination of a few very simple ingredients. The multifarious notes of the orchestra are blending into a harmonious symphony.

So it will doubtless be with these psychic facts, when we understand them. We may make hypotheses, but to pretend to form any theory about Book-Tests at present would be premature; they evidently represent an effort at proof of the existence of unexpected powers, but to decide how

those powers are exerted, and to whom they belong, we must wait until by adequate study we can frame some reasonable theory which shall stand the test of time and the influx of further experience.

Pending that experience I pursue my own, and many people's, hypothesis as to the source, though not the method, of these Book-Tests.

Some of the young fellows killed in the War have been very energetic and successful in getting tests through of this rather difficult kind. Not all of them: Raymond has not proved himself skilful in this particular method, though he has occasionally attempted it, with a success, however, in my opinion, hardly beyond chance-coincidence. But many others have succeeded better, and a few careful people have taken the trouble to record and subsequently verify their messages in the stringent manner required by the standards of the S.P.R. These will no doubt be critically dealt with in the report expected in due time from Mrs. Sidgwick.

Meanwhile I am personally persuaded that Lord and Lady Glenconner, among others, have received a number of excellent tests of this kind,

chiefly through the agency of their eldest son; and the account of those with which they and their friends have been favoured is now incorporated in the narrative which follows.

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PART I

CHAPTER I

Book-Test I.

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT¹ and George Heremon Wyndham¹ are concerned in this test. It was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard, controlled by Feda, on April 1917, in the drawing-room at Wilsford Manor, Salisbury.

Pamela Glenconner was taking notes; others present being Mrs. Guy Baring, David Tennant, Ava Bodley and Josephine Wilkinson.

Feda. "Bim has brought George again; he is so glad his messages reached his Mother. They have got a Book-Test for her now, so that she can be quite sure it is George talking to her. Have you got a book that he was connected with? Dark green colour close to the book. Look on page 27 if you can find this book, he says, and on the left side of the page there is a message from him. Or something you could take as a message from him."

¹Edward Wyndham Tennant, known as Bim throughout these pages, son of Lord and Lady Glenconner, and George Heremon Wyndham, son of Colonel Guy Wyndham, brother to Lady Glenconner.

These directions were sent to George's family. His father had lately come to live at Clouds ¹ and had placed the books he had brought with him in shelves in the drawing-room. He first sought among the books that had belonged to George, but found they consisted only of a few old lesson books, containing nothing applicable; he then looked among the other books for one bound in green. The first volume he took down was *The Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (by Thomas Moore, edited by Martin MacDermott, Downey & Co., 12 York Street, Covent Garden, 1897).

This book is connected with George as the writer is George's great-great-grandfather. On page 27 the words opening a paragraph are as follows:

"What would I not give to be with you to comfort you, dearest Mother."

"I guarantee that the narration of the above facts is accurate."

(Signed) GUY WYNDHAM.

¹The country seat in Wiltshire, the home of the Percy Wyndhams.

Mrs. Leonard has never visited at Clouds, nor has she been there.

Book-Test II.

Edward Wyndham Tennant and George Heremon Wyndham, communicating through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard, are concerned also in this second Book-Test. It was obtained on the 25th July, 1917, in the drawing-room at Wilsford Manor, Salisbury, Pamela Glenconner taking notes; others present being David Tennant, Olivia Wyndham, Olive Baring and Lella Platt.

Feda (speaking through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard).

"Bim and George are going to get another Book-Test through to show that the last one was not chance. Bim is very clever at this. Please get a pencil, he says, and take everything very carefully down.

"In a home near here, in a lady's room, a corner room, not quite square, he gives the letter C. . . ." (*Note.*—Feda did not name the height of the shelf, but indicated a height with her hand, which David Tennant estimated at 4½ feet.) "The seventh book in the shelf counting

from the corner of the left-hand side of the fireplace. The letter G is also given. The word seventh . . . seventh . . . he gives the word seventh." (This was repeated, with insistence.) "On page 84—or 48 . . . a page with a lot of white, not much writing on it, only a very 'little on the page. And what is on the page may be taken as a message. There is something that deals with the Past and the Future, too, not necessarily the immediate Past and Future."

It was thought, from the letter C being given, and "a house near here" being mentioned, that Clouds was again intended: a house where George Heremon and Edward Wyndham Tennant's grandmother lived. A search was made in her sitting-room, which is a corner room, and not quite square.

In the position indicated there are four shelves, each divided into two. Colonel Wyndham first took down the seventh book from the corner in the first partition of the top shelf but one, but found nothing applicable. He then took the seventh book in the second partition, which was *Lotus and Jewel*, by Sir Edwin Arnold. On page 84 he found but one quatrain, the page otherwise blank; it was the last in a poem which was the

seventh of a series, entitled *A Casket of Gems*,¹ it was also in the seventh volume of the edition.

It read as follows:

*"We shall not reach them, save with Earth as
Vessel,
Sky for our Sea, and for long Journey, Life—
But if love steers, at last our sails may nestle
Furled, in those Far-off Isles, past storm and
strife."*

The directions given appeared here to be fulfilled, save an allusion to the Past and the Future; but in the same poem, page 83, and on subsequent pages, it was found "The Happy Isles" and "Paradise" are described, and the lines occur:

*"Where the wonder of 'whence,' and 'why,' and
'whither' are shown;
The Past perceived, the Future sure, and
known."*

.

¹ Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

*"Where Death does not come, nor Change, nor
Hate, nor Care."*

.

*"Where we shall find delightful friends and lovers
And hear no word of Woe on any lip. . . ."*

.

"Thither to sail!"

The book was uncut.

"The above statement concerning this Book-Test is accurate."

(Signature) GUY WYNDHAM.

I include here the following letter from my brother, Colonel Wyndham. He writes to Lady Trowbridge, who at that time was collecting the Book-Tests in the interests of the Society for Psychical Research.

*Clouds,
East Knoyle,
July 14th, 1918.*

DEAR LADY TROWBRIDGE,

I send you all the information I can on the subject. The first test is a very good one

provided one allows the book to be considered connected with my son.

The second test is certainly remarkable.

No doubt there are discrepancies, but the main fact is that the directions given were sufficient for the passages to be easily found.

Yours sincerely,
GUY WYNDHAM.

Book-Test III.

This Book-Test was given through the mediumship again of Mrs. Leonard, controlled by Feda; the communicator this time being Captain Evelyn Platt of 1st Batt. of the Coldstream Guards, who was killed in France on May 15th, 1916; he was sending a message to his wife, who was sitting with Pamela Glenconner for communication on the 25th July, 1917, at Wilsford Manor, Salisbury. After some time of conversation through trance utterances, Feda said:

"Now here is a Book-Test. It is in this house, downstairs. You will find the book near the door, with gold lettering on it. It is the tenth book in the shelf counting from the door. The letter A is prominent. Ar . . . there are two

messages for her on the same page; look on page 37."

In the library downstairs, about midway from the floor to the highest shelf, the tenth book counting from the door was found to be the poems of Matthew Arnold.¹ It is a green volume with gold lettering. Turning to page 37 we found the sonnet that commences:

"God knows it, I am with you. . . ."

and the concluding lines are as follows:

*"If sadness at the long heart-wasting show
Wherein Earth's great ones are disquieted,
If thoughts, not idle, while before me flow
The armies of the homeless and unfed—
If these be yours, if this is what you are,
Then am I yours, and what you feel, I share."*

This was a Book-Test with three points of contact; the other two were successfully interpreted, but being of a private character, they are not given here.

Mrs. Platt had to leave hurriedly to catch a

¹In the Canterbury Poets Series. Edited by William Sharp.

train, giving me the notes, with directions. And this is how it happened that, at this time, all unaware of the importance attached to there being a witness to the proceedings, I searched for this test and found it, alone; so that as evidence it is valueless; but the endorsement of the recipient is willingly given.

"I recognise the source from which this Book-Test is drawn, and consider it entirely applicable. Especially in the final passages of the message, the portions of this Book-Test that I prefer to suppress, do I recognise allusions that only he who purports to be communicating could have known."

Lella Platt

Perhaps it is to the point to remark here that Mrs. Leonard was not staying in the house. She realises so thoroughly the significance of the work that is being done through her, that she understands the necessity I am under when I record that she was living in another house, visiting Wilsford only at the hours set aside for sittings, and leaving immediately these were over.

CHAPTER II

Book-Test IV.

To understand the appositeness of the message contained in the following Book-Test, I must tell something of the setting, and mention particulars relating to the people it concerns.

Edward Wyndham Tennant, known as Bim, the sender of the message, is the eldest of four brothers. When he fell in the Battle of the Somme in September 1916, his younger brother, David, was fourteen years old. David's adventures and general plan of life always appealed to Bim, who took great pleasure in his childhood. Their Mother remembers Bim telling her that once in a noisy crowd of children, David, then a little boy of six or seven, approached him, and, wholly unconcerned by the rabble surrounding them, said, "Bim, you know Sirius is a star of the first magnitude."

Then he returned to the game.

David knew a family of friends in the village with whom he used to play. When he had finished lessons and required their companionship, he would signal and shout for them across the water meadows, standing on the lawn; and their answering shout faint in the distance, and their speedy appearance pouring through every hole in the hedge, was one of Bim's treasured observations.

David conducted all his pastimes with unexpectedness and potency. The zeal with which he pursued his daily avocations was equalled by his absorption in the books that were read aloud in the evening hours.

The Mother would tell them stories or read to them tales, and she remembers Bim saying to her, "All the time that you are reading aloud I love to look at David listening, with his large dark eyes."

The bond between these two, the older and the little brother, was very strong, and long after the two elder boys had gone to school the phrase "*Mother and Son*" was used by Bim in connection with David and his Mother.

Station Hotel,
Crewe,
October 23rd, 1917.

Feda (speaking for Bim through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard).

"He says now he is going to send a Book-Message for his brother David; he says David mustn't think it to be patronising, as if he were still quite a little boy. It is, nevertheless, especially for David.

"This is in the house in London, and it is to be found in a room downstairs. The page is number 14, and the message is three-quarters down the page. It is in the eighth book on the third shelf counting from right to left. You will find something round connected with the book in question.

"Close to it there is a book which tells of great spaces—large great spaces" (she raised her hands above her head). "It is a book which tells of the stars."

On my return to London I went into the library at 34 Queen Anne's Gate, a room on the ground floor, unknown to Mrs. Leonard. On the third shelf I found the eighth book, counting from right to left, to be Lewes' *Life of Goethe*.¹ Two

¹ 4th edition. Smith Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, 1890.

books from this was a volume called *Astro Theology, or the Demonstration of the Attributes of God, from a survey of the Heavens.*"¹

On the fourteenth page of the eighth book (Lewes' *Life of Goethe*) we found the following passage:

"One fine afternoon when the house was quiet, Master Wolfgang, with his cup in his hand and nothing to do, finds himself looking out into the silent street, and telegraphing to the young Ochsensteins who dwelt opposite. By way of doing something he begins to fling the crockery into the street, delighted with the noise it makes and stimulated by the brothers Ochsenstein, who chuckle at him over the way. The indulgent Mother returns, and sees the mischief with housewifely horror, till melting into sympathy she laughs as heartily as the child. . . .

"This Mother employed her faculties" (the passage continues) "for story-telling to his and her own delight. 'To all natural phenomena,' she writes, 'I gave a meaning. As we thought of the paths which lead from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and when we

¹ *Astro Theology*, by W. Derham. 6th edition. Printed for W. Innys at the West End of Saint Paul's, MDCCXXXI.

thought of the great Spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. There I sat, and Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes.' "

The passage concludes with the words,

"What a charming glimpse of Mother and Son."

This Book-Test carried such conviction to the members of Bim's family, that when it was found and read aloud it was met with the laughter of instant recognition. Only one last direction had yet to be followed, that which told "of something round in connection with this book." And it was considered discovered when, turning to the frontispiece, it was seen that it represented a reproduction of a miniature painting set in a round black frame.

To attempt to describe the happy glow in the hearts of Bim's family circle when this Book-Message was read would be in cold print, impossible. There are, however, moments well known to all to which it may be likened: when a wished-for letter arrives; when a door swings

open and a treasured presence is before one; when, in short, he who has been absent is at home again. Laughter runs from lip to lip, and eyes speak contentment. Such a moment was theirs now, they were happy; and it was Bim, as of old, who had cheered them.

We guarantee that the facts of this case are as above represented, and we were present at the finding of the message.

(Signed) GLENCONNER.
DAVID TENNANT.

Book-Test V.

*Station Hotel,
Crewe,
October 23rd, 1917.*

Feda (speaking through Mrs. Leonard for Edward Wyndham Tennant). "This is a Book-Test, now, for his Mother. It isn't good enough,

he says, it is *so very ordinary*, but it will do as a sign that he is sending it.

"He says you will find it in the same room downstairs, as the one to David, in the sixteenth book counting from right to left, page 27.

"The letter S is prominent on the title-page. There is a book by Merey—Meri—some name like 'Merry'—close by it on the same shelf."

The book, on searching, proved to be *The Life of George Washington*.¹ On the title-page, Soldier and Statesman follows the name. On the 27th page there is an allusion to the family of George Washington, six children in all, one dying in infancy—which is identical with the family of Edward Wyndham Tennant, who purported to be giving the Book-Test; and there follows an allusion to George Washington's remembrance of his Father's fondness:

"And to his Mother's forming care," the passage continues, *"he ascribed the origin of all to which he had attained."*

On the same shelf, three books from the one

¹ By James Harrison. Heroes of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1906.

specified, there was a volume by Merriman, *The Sowers*.

We bear witness to the truth of the above.

(Signed) GLENCONNER,
DAVID TENNANT.

This room was unknown to Mrs. Leonard.

CHAPTER III

Book-Test VI.

December 17th, 1917.

Feda (speaking through Mrs. Leonard), after some time given to communication through trance utterances:

"Now Bim says he is sending a message; a Book-Test for his Mother. He says it is in the drawing-room, on the side of the book-shelf near the door. You must look in the third shelf, and take the fifth book counting from left to right; turn to page 83. He says the passage alludes to his present life and to what you feel about it. He says, 'Tell her that her love for me has bridged the gulf, and love has shown the way.' He repeats that '*love has shown the way.*'"

On my return home, when I searched among the books, I found the fifth book on the third shelf counting from left to right was one entitled *The World We Live In*, written by Brackett and published by Richard Badger, Boston (The Gorham Press, 1909).

On page 83 I read:

*"The pathway to the Unseen World
Is full of hope and joy untold,
With Love's rich bloom and fragrant air,
Unselfish deeds and silent prayer.
Who seeks to climb some other way
Will tarry long, will go astray,
For Love alone can point the way."*

Now I turn to my notes again as taken at the time. They continue as follows:

"On the previous page, well, not quite the previous page, he says—but turning over the leaf before—you will find an allusion to quite a little thing you had long ago. Something you used to wear; you had it when you were a girl; he says you will smile when you find this, but the words apply."

I looked on the 82nd page, and here I found an interesting endorsement of the directions given, for that page was blank. This, evidently, was why Feda was told to say, "not quite the previous page, but turning over the leaf before," for on the reverse side of the blank page I found five lines of print, the concluding paragraph of the chapter. The passage reads as follows:

"Spiritualism walks hand-in-hand with the beauty and simplicity of Christ."

Now among the collection of jewellery that was mine before I married is a slender golden ring. It is a betrothal ring from Normandy, and is made in the device of clasped hands. It is a triple ring on a tiny pivotal pin, which holds the three rings together; it opens by the two hands slipping apart, disclosing the design of two hearts on the third ring. Bim knew this little object well, he knew also that it was mine before I married, and the plan of its fashioning is, truly, "hand-in-hand." Until I returned home, however, and found the passage that held the allusion, I had no idea to what "little thing" he was referring.

Now I quote once more from my notes.

Feda. "Fifth book; close to it there is a volume of an historical character, not acceptedly historical (and do you know, he says, you will be interested to learn the spirit of an Egyptian Era prevails at this time again? but this is difficult to explain clearly now), and on page 103 of the fifth book you will find an allusion to an epoch, a period in time, rather than to a place."

On this page the passage ran as follows:

"We have a form of worship under the name of Christianity that dates back thousands of years before the Christian Era."

Once more I turn to my notes.

"A book of an historical character, not acceptedly historical, he says."

Book-Test VII.

The fifth book, as we have seen, was that by Brackett, the one next it I found to be *The Story of Asseneth*, the legendary narrative of the wife of Joseph. This story is included by Vincent Beauvais in his *Speculum Historiale*, compiled by him in the Thirteenth Century, so it agrees well with the description "not acceptedly historical," and the fact of Bim's sudden and parenthetical allusion to Egypt at this point while dealing with the Book-Test is of living interest.

One can see the connection in his own mind, with Egypt, and the book that he had chosen. He knew the fascination his Mother felt in the idea of previous lives lived in ancient Egypt. He knew of a dream-story she had once dreamed, the scene of which is cast in Egypt; and he knew,

also, of the saying of a friend, who, on being told the dream, exclaimed: "That's not an ordinary dream, that is a memory, *that happened*"; but interested though he knew his Mother would be in what he could have told her, he put it all into a parenthesis, in his own vivid and rapid manner, bent on pursuing the chief matter in hand at the moment, which was his Book-Test.

His own sonnet on "Re-Incarnation" shows clearly how aware he was himself of the touch of the Past.

"I too remember distant golden days
When even my soul was young; I see the sand
Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze—
(Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
—And slim brown jargonizing men in blue and gold,
I know it all so well, I understand
The ecstasy of worship, ages old.
Hear the first truth: the great far-seeing soul
Is ever in the humblest husk; I see
How each succeeding section takes its toll
In fading cycles of old memory,
And each new life the next life shall control,
Until perfection reach Eternity."

CHAPTER IV

Book-Test VIII.

OBTAINED at a sitting held in 34 Queen Anne's Gate, London, May 6th, 1918.

Feda. "Now, he says, the Book-Tests—he has two—both for his Mother, and a third that he would like taken as a message to all . . . all of them . . . (he can't get this through very clearly, but he repeats, it is a message for a good many people . . . that he knows . . .).

"The first one is among some books near stairs; on the left-hand side of some stairs."

Now if Feda had said "steps" instead of "stairs," we should have understood instantly; as it was, we who were listening and taking down these notes were entirely bewildered. One of us said, "There are no book-shelves on the *stairs*. What can it mean?"

Feda answered, "Bim says that room that isn't used now; you know, with stairs in it."

Then we recognised my room upstairs that

owing to the air-raids had been disused for some time; to enter this room you have to descend three steps. A small book-shelf hangs on the wall to the left of the entrance.

"Now then, he says, that you have got the room, look for a book in a grey cover, one of the books in the row has a bit torn off its back; take the second book counting from the left, and look on page 29. The words speak of the sacrifice and suffering in the War; it speaks of the War. Take it very *literally*, Bim says, or it will not be correct."

The room in question was unknown to Mrs. Leonard.

After the sitting we looked, and found the second book on the shelf was one called *War Poems by X*.¹ On page 29 were some verses alluding to the wives and mothers in the War.

"O, don't forget it,
Mother's son,
They're soldiers, soldiers,
Every one.

¹ Martin Secker, No. 5, John Street, Adelphi, London.

*"Soldiers, loving
Them that's gone,
Soldiers, soldiers,
'Carrying on.'*

*"Proudest regiment
Ever known,
Let us call them
'The Lord's Own.'"*

Three books from this one was a volume with the title on a label slightly torn and damaged.

"Now the other message," Feda continued, "for his Mother is in another book, the fourth book in the shelf above, look on page 56."

Book-Test IX.

And this was what we found when we looked, according to these directions:

*"I think man's great capacity for pain
Proves his immortal birthright, be ye sure
No merely human mind could bear the strain
Of the tremendous sorrow we endure."*

*"Unless our souls had root in soil divine
We could not bear Earth's overwhelming
strife;
The fiercest pain that wracks this heart of mine
Convinces me of Everlasting Life."*¹

Now "the message for many" had to be dealt with.

Feda had said: "Bim says look in the first page, there are some words on the title-page of one of the books he has mentioned; he has let the moment pass, and he cannot get power together sufficiently to send it through very clearly now . . . but it is a message *to all*, he says."

Book-Test X.

We looked on the title-pages of the two books he had specified, and in that of the first of the two there was a dedication in which the author gives his verse to those

*"In the Battalion of which regiment I have many
friends."*

Bim at this sitting said, through Feda, that he wanted to be surely told if any of the messages

¹*Poems of Pleasure*, published by W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago. 1902.

in the Book-Tests could not be found, or "came out wrong," as she put it, because he knows how difficult it is to get things through clearly.

"He can only get flickers through," he says, "compared to all he would like to send."

And then he reiterated how happy it makes him to talk with us.

"All your happiness comes back to me," he says, "when a Book-Test is made out or we have a good sitting like this, and the sense of nearness fills me with joy. I send all my love, and blessings, and constant thoughts. . . ."

There were two other points to this test; but the recipient of the messages prefers that they shall not be published.

I guarantee that the directions given and the finding of the books were as stated above.

(Signed) DAVID TENNANT.

Book-Test XI.

Of the many Book-Tests we have received only two have failed. One of these was for a brother

officer, and the person who received the message was not a member of Bim's family, so possibly the channel of communication was not clear. The other purported to be sent by two friends of Bim's, and the particulars were sent on to me. Being in Scotland at the time, I was unable to follow the directions, but I asked some one to do it for me. They wrote saying their search had been unrewarded; and I think the deduction may be that Book-Tests to be successfully received must be given as directly as possible. It cannot be said, however, that it was entirely a failure, for I kept the directions, and when I returned to London went through part of the matter again. On the page numbered 6 to which we were referred I found the index of the chapter headings, and these read as follows:

"Triumph.

"The Dead and Living meet. . . . The record of one of the most wonderful and mysterious experiences."

The book in question was *She*, by Rider Haggard. Had I been in London at the time the Book-Test was sent me, I think I should have

verified the other points as well, but the room had been prepared for our arrival, and once the passages in the Tests had been looked for without success, no further heed had been taken.

CHAPTER V

THE Book-Test that I will now relate is one that to Bim's family carries more conviction of the identity of the sender of the message than any other among the rich collection that is theirs; but truly to recognise its pertinence I must interrupt the sequence by telling again something of Bim's family life.

In pre-war days, Forestry was his Father's chief interest. To educate himself more thoroughly in this, he went in the year 1901 to Germany, to see the forests there grown under Governmental supervision, and though he did not import to his Scottish home the drastic regularity and monotonous severity of the German system, the plantations and woods at Glen are ordered in consequence more carefully and intelligently than the woodlands of most estates in Britain.

His eye became trained to a higher state of perfection possible to growing trees than is the

case in most people, for often during walks through the fragrant fir woods, when expressions of admiration or delight in the lovely scenery arose, how constantly would the depressing verdict be uttered by the Master of the Trees, that the young shoots were being ruined by "the beetle."

"You see all those quirks—those sudden bends in the new growth? Those show the beetle has got at them. You wouldn't see the damage to the young trees as I do; it's the greatest pest we have to deal with . . ." and much more of the like in conversation. So familiar was the theme to the family that Bim has been known to say to his Mother, *sotto voce*, "See if we get through this wood without hearing about the beetle." If his Father was unduly pessimistic about something Bim would say, "All the woods have got the beetle."

Light words to look back upon, these! foam on a Summer Sea; hardly, you will say worth gathering; and indeed in the first bitter months of bereavement little remembered.

Yet it was Bim himself who was to recall them.

*Book-Test XII.**December 17th, 1917.*

Feda. "Bim now wants to send a message to his Father. *This book is particularly for his Father*; underline that, he says. It is the ninth book on the third shelf counting from left to right in the bookcase on the right of the door in the drawing-room, as you enter; take the title, and look at page 37."

We found the ninth book in the shelf indicated was: *Trees*.¹

And on page 36, quite at the bottom and leading on to page 37, we read:

"Sometimes you will see curious marks in the wood; these are caused by a tunnelling beetle, very injurious to the trees. . . ."

(Signatures of two testificators to the finding and verifying of this Book-Message.)

GLENCONNER,
DAVID TENNANT.

¹ *Trees*, by J. Harvey Kelman. In the "Shown to the Children" series; published by Jack. Edinburgh.

Had a chance observer been present when we traced this Test, "This is no mourning family," he would have said: "these are happy people."

And he would have been right.

CHAPTER VI

Book-Test XIII.

March 2nd, 1918.

Feda speaking. "This is a message for Bim's Father. It is not in the room Bim generally takes his Book-Tests from. This is in his Father's room, third shelf from the bottom in the further corner of the room; take out the ninth book counting from left to right, and look on page 65. About half-way down the page, as near as he can rightly judge, you will find the message. He says "he knows all that his Father feels, he knows how much he loves him." This message will be what he wants his Father to say when he remembers him and thinks of his passing over."

The book proved to be *The Dark Night of the Soul*, by Juan de la Cruz, and the passage ends as follows:

"May God be pleased to give me His Divine Light, since it is indeed needed in so dark a night, and in so difficult a matter."

"Close to this book," Feda continued, "within a span's length of it, is one whose title suggests the path that Bim has trodden since he passed on."

"What is a span's length?" we asked.

Feda answered, "The Society¹ says a span's length is the length of your hand when it is extended. Put your thumb on the book first mentioned, and then in any direction that your hand turns, up or down, or on either side, the right book may be found."

Book-Test XIV.

Measuring the distance specified from the ninth book already mentioned, we found *The Valley of Decision*, by Edith Wharton; and it is interesting to note that the matter of this novel is divided under several sub-titles, many of which appear applicable to the path Bim trod:

"Multitudes, Multitudes in the Valley of Decision."

"A Gift from the Grave."

"The Old Order and the New Light."

¹ Mrs. Leonard was at this time working for the Society for Psychical Research, so it was to this Society Feda presumably alluded.

"The Choice and the Reward."

"Upon New Banks there Floods a Newer Day."

Feda continued:

"All these are quite near the ninth book. Now take out the fifth book, Bim says, from left to right, and look at page 16, and find a message for his Mother. Quite near the top of the page. Something he is trying very hard *to do for her, and with her.*"

Book-Test XV.

This book, the fifth in the shelf counting from left to right, we found to be an autobiography by Agnes Weston,¹ and on the top of the 16th page these words occur:

"To make the children happy, and my Mother. . . ."

I was present when these Book-Tests were verified.

(Signed) GLENCONNER.

¹*My Life among the Blue-jackets* (James Nisbet, 1912).

CHAPTER VII

Book-Test XVI.

WHILE we were receiving communication in this particular form, our happiness would not have been so great had we been the only people that were receiving such testimony. Others, many others, beside ourselves were having Book-Tests given them during their sittings with Mrs. Leonard, and this chapter shall be dedicated to three received by Mrs. Beadon, living at 11 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, through whose kindness I am allowed to include them here.

She writes:

"Thank you so very much for letting me see these records. How glad they must be when we pick up the message correctly! Your son seems to be helping so many, and it is natural that it should be so, seeing you are helping so many on this side along the same lines of comfort; and he must feel he is working with you.

"I hope he knows how grateful we are to you both!

"Here is a test I received last week, through Fedá; your Son was helping in it. I was told to find page 39 in a certain book, the position and number of which was carefully described to me. I was told that on it was a message for me when I get depressed. 'Say it over to yourself,' I was told, 'when you feel miserable.'

"I found on looking that the volume was your book of poems, *Windlestraw*,¹ and on page 39 there occurs the one verse alone:

*"Yet Love endures, for all Death's sombre will
Read—should you doubt it—in these chosen
pages,
Here shall you joy to find these lovers still
Singing their love-songs to us, down the Ages."*

"Mrs. Leonard has never been to our house, nor does she know my books, or where I keep them.

"It was beautiful to find such a verse," the letter continues. "My husband did not often read poetry; his reading was along lines that

¹ A book of verse by Pamela Glenconner, published by the Chiswick Press.

would not help much to find an expressive message. It seemed to me true that your son was helping, as he has so often, and it was so natural for him to use your words."

Yours sincerely,
J. E. BEADON.

Book-Test XVII.

Sept. 29th, 1917.—Another Book-Test obtained at a sitting with Mrs. Leonard. The communication purporting to be from Colonel Beadon, received by his wife, J. E. Beadon, 11 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

"In a square room, books in the corner, a row of books running by the wall, to the corner from the window. Take the fifth book, counting from right to left, page 71 or 17. (Both numbers were repeated several times.) Yes—71.

"The message will not be as beautiful as he would like a message to you from him to be, but you will understand this is to make the test as good as he can."

This was a Book-Test with seven points of contact. Of these six have been traced and found apposite.

The directions continue as follows:

(1) It refers to a past condition.

(2) It has an application to the present.

(3) It is in answer to a thought much in your mind at one time. This thought is not with you now, especially since you have known Feda.

(4) On the opposite page is a reference to fire.

(5) On the opposite page is a reference to light.

(6) On the opposite page there is a reference to olden times. (All these have nothing to do with the message, you understand, but are given in order that you may be sure you have the right page.)

(7) On the same page, or is it the opposite page? an important word beginning with S.

Now in order to make the application of the above directions evident, Mrs. Beadon allows me to give the following particulars:

William Beadon was killed in action in Mesopotamia. His body was buried by the Chaplain

and officers the same night of his death, where he fell. The officer in charge wrote that all traces of the grave had been carefully obliterated to avoid desecration by the Arabs, and its locality is now unknown.

In the room, and on the shelf indicated, Mrs. Beadon found that the fifth book counting from right to left was a volume of poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

On page 71 she read in "The Pilgrim's Vision":

*"The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown.
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf
Along the sod were blown;
His mould had melted into Earth,
His memory lives alone."*

Now let us take the directions as they are given.

(1) *It refers to a past condition.*

This poem, "The Pilgrim's Vision," refers to early days in America.

(2) *It has an application to the present.*

The application is to the communicator's own

case, *i. e.*, "his body received reverent burial and the resting-place is unknown." And—

(3) *It is an answer to a thought much in your mind at one time, that is not there now, especially since you have known Fedā.*

Mrs. Beadon writes: "It was a question constantly in my mind in early days after the news reached me, as to whether it would be possible to identify the spot, with the help of the officers who had been present at the burial, and when the War should be over, to mark the place with a cross. I have thought very little of this lately nor have I felt in the least concerned about it."¹

Let us return now to the further directions, as given by Fedā at the sitting.

(4) *On the opposite page there is a reference to fire.*

(5) *Also a reference to light.*

¹ Spiritualists are happy, you will notice, in this respect of graves. They do not trouble about them over-much, nor do they cherish them. You do not hear them say, "So-and-so was buried at Guillemont," or "He was buried where he fell." They speak of the body being buried, not the person. The Critos of the present day still confound Socrates with his corpse. *See Appendix I.*

Mrs. Beadon found the following verse on the page opposite:

*“Still shall the fiery pillar’s ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine.”*

(6) *There is a reference to olden times.*

This passage, giving reference to fire, light and the journey of the Israelites, fulfils the directions numbered 4, 5 and 6.

(7) This last point—“the important word beginning with S”—is the only reference in this test that cannot be traced.

Now Mrs. Beadon turned to page 17 (the other number in pagination given by Feda), and she read:

*“The Indian’s shaft, the Briton’s ball,
The sabre’s thirsting edge,
The hot shell shattering in its fall
The bayonet’s bending wedge,
Here scattered Death; yet seek the spot
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar—and they need it not,
Who leave their children free.”*

This stanza fulfils once more number 3 of the directions given, and an interesting light is thrown on Feda's hesitation between these two numbers, 71 and 17, both holding as they do the same application.

"It is notable," writes Mrs. Beadon, "that nowhere else in the volume can I find any reference which would at all fulfil the conditions of the message."

"I guarantee that the above narration of the facts is correct."

(Signed) J. E. BEADON.

CHAPTER VIII

Book-Test XVIII.

I HAVE been given permission to include the following Book-Test, if the names of those receiving it are suppressed.

The boy concerned in it was at Winchester with Bim.

In a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, Feda told her sitter that the boys were "putting this message through together." She said:

"Bim is with * * *, helping him with this Test."

Directions for the finding of the book were given in the usual way, first as to the room, then the book-shelf, then the number of the book in the shelf, and lastly the page, followed by the words which tell the gist of the message, or its application; but although this procedure was as usual meticulously observed, the boy's Mother failed to find anything that tallied with the directions given.

I was in Scotland at the time, and she wrote to me saying she hoped I would go and see her when I returned to London, as perhaps I might have better results.

I did so, and she gave me the notes taken at the time of the sitting. The directions were as follows:

“Books in a sitting-room, towards the corner of the room; books in a shelf running towards a window, books about waist high. . . . (No—he says I must be careful—about three and a half feet high.) Count left to right, and take out the fifth book, and look on page 71 or 17. The message is from * * * to his Mother, and touches on the difference in his life now to what it was before. One part deals with foreign countries, and one part of the book treats of circles.” (Feda here caused Mrs. Leonard to describe circles with her finger in the air.) “Yes—*circles*. It mentions things circular.”

It occurred to me at this point that as we had no success in finding anything approaching the directions given in the boy's Mother's house, that possibly it might be found in our own house, at 34 Queen Anne's Gate, seeing that she had been

told the two boys were working at this together.

So I made a search at home, taking with me at her request, the notes of direction.

The library at 34 Queen Anne's Gate is not a square room—it is oblong, but with a slightly bowed window. The books are in the shelves running between the fireplace towards the window. I took the fifth book out, counting from left to right, from one of the dividing partitions nearest the window. It was *The Mysticism of Colour*, by Finetta Bruce, published by Ryder, 164 Aldgate Street, London.

I looked on page 17, and read:

"The two sides are as dependent one on the other for their existence as a coin is to its reverse and obverse. . . . What should we think of the man who fancied unreal any person, place or object which he could not actually see? . . . We often show ourselves to be very young children when we treat the Invisible as non-existent, because at this stage of our evolution it is hidden from our sight."

Turning to the notes I saw "one part of the book treats of foreign countries," and I found

that an early chapter in the volume tells of Mexico and of Egypt, describing the *means used to convey messages to a distance*, and the primitive methods used in ancient Egypt for the same purpose.

Looking now for the circles I turned to page 71, and found that from that page on to page 75 the writer treats of the arch or curved line of the rainbow, which if completed must form a circle, and the words occur:

"Though only half of the whole is seen by us, the other half must exist,"

and drawn on the page is the diagram of a circle, and yet another is shown on the following page.

This Book-Message was obtained in November 1917, and my husband was present in the library when I traced it, following the directions given.

"I bear witness that the facts as stated above are correct."

GLENCONNER.

PART II

THE DRAYTON THOMAS SERIES

“Greet the Unseen with a cheer.”

CHAPTER IX

Book-Test XIX.

DURING the winter of 1917 and the early spring months we had received so many messages and so much consolation by my sittings with Mrs. Leonard, that it occurred to me that I should give up for a while having any sittings, and leave the time for others, more lately bereaved. At this time if anyone hoped to make an appointment, it was not before three months or so that he could get a sitting arranged, so besieged was this medium by clients, so wide was the field of her work. I had sat for three months in the interests of the S.P.R., for our communications had been of so evidential a nature that the Committee, on taking over the services of Mrs. Leonard, had asked me to be one of those sitters she was allowed to receive. *

For three months Mrs. Leonard was the salaried servant of the Society, who wished to inves-

tigate her remarkable powers of mediumship. She was permitted to receive only such sitters as the Society sent, and these were, with few exceptions, anonymous to her. A representative of the Society invariably accompanied these sitters, in order to take notes. My sittings were during the months of January, February and March; after that I desisted, for the reason given above. During the following months, however, while I was away in the country, Bim managed to get several Book-Messages through to us by means of another sitter, then a stranger to us. This was the Rev. Charles Drayton Thomas, of South Hill Lodge, Bromley, Kent, who was having a series of sittings with Mrs. Leonard, receiving remarkable testimony to the truth of continuity beyond the grave. He will publish the results before long he tells me, but these particular Book-Tests in which Bim participated, he generously gives wholly to us to include in our collection. In our consideration they are valuable, coming as they did through one unknown to us, and although in some of these tests there were one or two points that we failed to trace, in the main drift or central message of each they did most convincingly apply.

The first of this series is interesting in the fact that it was linked with a dream of mine. I know that in telling this I run the risk of losing the sympathy of many readers. To some people it is sufficient to mention an interest in dreams, and they quickly estimate you as a lunatic; a mild one possibly, but still a lunatic. Nevertheless, I shall finish my story, remembering in all humility that this path has been trodden before.

Since childhood I have had a faculty of dreaming coherently. I know what Stevenson means when he writes of the Brownies giving him themes for his pen. Most of us in varying degrees have some outlook upon another world, and dreaming is as good a window as any other.

I have had a series of dreams in which Bim is with me; on waking I remember his words, and I have so great a feeling of happiness and exhilaration next day that I fully believe these dreams are interviews.

In this particular dream, towards the end of May in 1918, he spoke of the memoirs of his own life, a book on which I was then engaged. It was to me a difficult task, a labour of love more piercing than any one can fathom: every day was

the sword turned in the wound. Yet it had to be done, for treasure must not be hidden. One thing sorrow has shown to me, all that I have of good in this way must be shared.

Well, in this dream Bim and I talked together. He took the proofs in his hand, and I told him how hard I found it, how I struggled to write, and how clumsy I felt, and helpless. Writing it was like bearing him over again, a moral parturition. Child-birth is painless, I said, compared to writing memoirs of one you love.

He said: "But you have no idea how it helps me to be with you. There is only one thing! You are praising me too much."

I said in reply to him, "Yes, that has occurred to me, and I have been wondering if I am capable of drawing a true portrait. Yet I say to myself, no one would ask me to sit down and count over your faults. I must write as I know you, and draw you as you are seen by me."

I saw the happiness in his face; but he said again remonstratingly, "Nevertheless, you are giving me too much praise; it is all praise of me!"

And I replied in my dream:

"But look at the text I have taken as the motto for the book:

*"There are those that have left a name behind
them*

That their praises might be reported."

And in my dream I embraced him, saying:

"This book is to report your praise."

Then I awoke.

Now to make clear the application of the following message, I must here record that this text that I had taken for the motto of the Memoir is from *Ecclesiasticus*, Chapter xlv.

On July 2nd I received a letter from Mr. Drayton Thomas. He was then unknown to me. He wrote that he was having a series of sittings with Mrs. Leonard, and that his excuse for introducing himself must be that he had twice been asked by some one purporting to be my son to write to me and send on a message. This message, he had been told, would be in a Book-Test, and the directions to find the same were dictated. The volume would be found among his own books in

his library, and finally, with many messages of love, he had been commissioned to say: "Tell her she will understand the reference."

"I have looked out the test," the letter continued. "Needless to say, the reference has no application to myself. I hope it may mean something to you. May I ask you to write and tell me if you find in it any application?"

Mr. Drayton Thomas had looked among his books following the directions given, and on the appointed page, in the volume specified, he found a treatise on *Ecclesiasticus*, mentioning *the forty-fourth chapter*.

CHAPTER X

APART from the central application, the foregoing Book-Test has other aspects that are interesting. The chapter from which the text was taken (Chapter xliv.) was well known to Bim from the opening lines:

“Let us now praise famous men
And our Fathers that begat us,”

to the end. I remember a conversation with him about it, in which he said: “I set this at the very head of English prose.” He had, moreover, his own humorous application of verse 6, and would say that it belonged particularly to his Father. I recall an occasion when the family were all about to start one Sunday for Kirk. Bim was asked to go and see if his Father was ready, and he returned saying: “He has no intention of going to Kirk to-day. He is seated in his library, furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation.”

During this spring of 1918, when we were having no sittings with Mrs. Leonard, I remember saying, "He will get a message to us in some form or other." And as his birthday approached, we often spoke of him, and I felt confident he would give us some sign of his presence; so when I had the dream of which I have written, I felt that it sufficed, and was content. But now listen to this: Mr. Drayton Thomas tells us that he was twice asked at his sittings with Mrs. Leonard to write to us, and that it was only his being a stranger that had deterred him from doing so. He posted the letter when the request was repeated with insistence. We received it on the day following Bim's birthday—the 2nd July.

Now apart from the message, is it fanciful to see an allusion in the opening verse to a day of nativity?

CHAPTER XI

Book-Test XX.

I NOW turn to Mr. Drayton Thomas' letters, in case my reader may desire them in corroboration of the facts.

He wrote as follows:

*South Hill Lodge,
Bromley,
Kent.*

DEAR LADY GLENCONNER,

As you are familiar with Mrs. Leonard and the nature of her sittings, I may dispense with explanations otherwise necessary. Feda has expressed a wish that I should verify by referring to you the directions given by the Book-Test.

. If you do not happen to have the volume I shall be pleased to leave a copy at your house. It is Vol. II. of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, edited by Profs. Cheyne and Black, published by Black & Adam in 1901. The page indicated by Feda for the test seems to be 1177, and deals with Ecclesiasticus.

. Out of the four further references to this book three have been accurate. I

should be greatly interested if you can find time to let me hear your opinion. *Feda gives the number 21*, and you will find the matter of the book is given under numbered paragraphs.

Very faithfully yours,
C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

I replied; and Mr. Drayton Thomas wrote as follows:

"... I am deeply interested in your letter following my enquiry, and herewith comes the volume in question. *Feda* says: 'The whole book has something to do with them, it is linked up with them in some way,' so I am leaving the volume at your house to-day, after the Lecture, that you may inspect the passages at your leisure.

"Very faithfully yours,
"C. DRAYTON THOMAS."

He left the volume, as he promised, on the hall table at 34 Queen Anne's Gate, on the evening of July 4th. The Lecture that had taken place on that particular date was a paper on "Symbolism" which I had been preparing some weeks previously. This I had read aloud to an audience in the picture-gallery at 34, and when

the last among the company had left the house, I went downstairs to the library.

In passing through the hall I saw the book of which Mr. Drayton Thomas had written. Eagerly I took it with me to turn to the passages myself, to see if any further allusion became apparent. I had no number of the page to guide me, as Feda's words had been more vague than usual in this respect, so I opened the volume at random, looking at the first pages of the book, and there I found a list of words in which no less than eight of the symbols were enumerated, which figure in the paper that I had just read to an audience in the Gallery: *Eagle, Easter, East, West, North, South, Death and Interpretation.*

We felt that in this test Bim could not have given more convincing evidence of his being aware of our doings and occupations. These particular Book-Tests were given to Mr. Drayton Thomas on the 30th May, synchronising exactly with the time that I was reading a book on Symbolism, and doing research work in this line of thought; a fact of which he and Mrs. Leonard were in ignorance.

CHAPTER XII

Book-Test XXI.

THIS is an extract from Mr. Drayton Thomas' letter written on the 24th August, 1918, and received by me at Glen, in Peeblesshire, Scotland.

*Bromley,
Kent.*

"I was pleasantly surprised to receive the enclosed message for you at my sitting yesterday. Needless to say, I know nothing of the facts herein stated, and I shall be glad to hear if it proves intelligible to you.

"Yours sincerely,
"C. DRAYTON THOMAS."

(From a sitting of the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas held with Mrs. Leonard on the 23rd August at Datchet.)

Feda. "Bim was pleased about the message he got through in July—it was near a birthday, and the test referred also to studies in which they

had just been engaged. It helped his Father very much, and he is very pleased about it. Now here is another for them, this time in Scotland. The room is upon what one can only call the ground floor, and it is on the right, and not quite square."

(This is interesting, as there are no family living-rooms at Glen strictly on the ground floor, all the rooms are on a floor nine steps up out of the front hall, the servants' rooms being ten steps down from it, on the north side, into a basement.)

Feda continues:

"As you enter the room, the books are on the wall to the right, a height from three to three and a half feet from the ground.

"Tell them to take the fourth volume from the left and open it at page 74. There is a passage there that Bim chooses to send as a message from him."

These directions being followed, entering the room by the drawing-room,¹ (for there are two

¹This room has since been considerably altered. When the Book-Test was given there was only one glazed cupboard with books in it, to the right as you enter from the drawing-room,

doors) the volume selected proved to be *Walton's Lives*, and page 74 held the following passage, referring to the life of Doctor Donne:

"The next thing is that he went usually once a year, if not oftener to the beloved Octon (his home), where he would say he found both the cure for all cares, by the company which he called 'the living furniture' of the place, and a restorative by the naturalness of that which he called his genial (native) air. . . . The summer before his death he changed for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he had been sent,¹ and 'I find this time,' he wrote, 'that at my now being in that very place where I sat when I was a boy, I was (am?) occasioned to remember those very thoughts of my youth which possessed me. . . .'"

The passage continues:

"When his better part, that part which cannot

which, containing valuable books, was always kept locked. These were the only volumes in the room except a small book-case standing on the floor that contained a few old disused lesson books. There are now two other large glazed cupboards recessed in the wall, so the directions given in the Book-Test no longer apply.

¹Edward Wyndham Tennant was at school at Winchester.

die, put off mortality, with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, the circle of his life was completed; he, dying in a manner worthy of his name and family, worthy of the trust committed to him, for the service of his Prince and of his Country."

It is here I must draw attention to a clear light that would be observable only to Bim's family. It lies in the phrase, "*the living furniture of the place.*" This was one of Bim's terms, "furniture"; and he would use it for people; it was one of his words.

A glance at the paper giving instructions sent to us by Mr. Drayton Thomas, showed us that a further point of contact was yet to be found:

"Bim says, now at the beginning of this book on the first page, there is a message for his Mother."

All this time I had been engaged in preparing the Memoir of my son (which has been published since at the Bodley Head); and I think it was to this he was referring, and to the constant com-

munication I have held with him since he died. At least to us the application appeared instant when we looked on the first page and read:

"It was a work worthy undertaking, for betwixt the two there was so mutual a knowledge and such friendship, contracted in his youth, as nothing but Death could force a separation; and though their bodies were divided, their affections were not, for Love followed the friends' fame beyond Death, and the forgetful grave."

"I have heard Divines say," the passage continues, "that those virtues that were but sparks upon Earth, became great and glorious flames in Heaven."

CHAPTER XIII

Book-Test XXII.

WHILE we were at Glen that autumn, Bim sent a message to his brothers, again through the kind agency of Mr. Drayton Thomas.

"First," Feda said, "he wants to assure them that he takes an interest in all they do, that he knows all about their movements, that he can be with them in all that they are doing. He wants you to look for this message in the same room, the same shelf as the other message was found in, only at the extreme right of the shelf. The last book in the row, page 8."

We looked as directed, and the last book in the row, the one touching the wall, was *Arduours and Endurances*, by Nichols.¹ On page 8 there is a poem entitled "Farewell to Place of Comfort," in which, choosing those that appeared applicable, the following lines occur:

¹ Chatto and Windus, MCMXVII., London.

*"They shall not say I went with heavy heart;
I love them all, but now I must depart
As one who goes to try a Mystery. . . .*

.

*"And now tears are not mine; I have release
From all the former and the later pain;
Like the mid-sea, I rock in boundless peace
Soothed by the charity of the deep sea
rain. . . ."*

.

and then follow some lines that vividly portray the immediate scenery of "his home, the beloved Octon," Glen, in Peeblesshire:

*"O bronzen pines, evenings of gold and blue,
Steep mellow slope, brimmed twilit pools below,
Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the
dew. . . ."*

.

We have been happy. . .

Happy now, I go."

CHAPTER XIV

AT the close of the sitting from which were derived these beautiful messages, Mr. Drayton Thomas asked if Bim were present, giving them himself?

Feda replied: "He isn't here now; he was here while I was giving you his directions, and he sent his very best thanks to you for taking his messages. He is so particularly glad, because these Book-Tests have especially helped his Father."

At this point I will give the endorsement of the witness, which I held over from the close of the previous chapter.

"I bear witness to the truth of the foregoing narration; I was present at the search for the books. Their place on the shelf, and the numbers on the pages on which the messages were found, accord precisely with the directions given."

(Signed) GLENCONNER.

CHAPTER XV

DURING the winter months of the year 1918
I was

“Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,”

investigating along other lines of spiritualistic activity, and obtaining quite as remarkable testimony in these directions as I have received in the foregoing Book-Tests. This however would fill a volume by itself, and I am not going to include it here, tempted as I am to do so by the interest of showing how in this direction also the dream-interviews were fulfilled.

Some day the complete nature of sleep will be recognised, and it will be found to be not only a provision of nature designed to rest the body, but primarily a way of escape for the soul. All mortals drink at this clear spring and are refreshed by it, but only some remember on waking. And what is the nature of the draught? An understanding of the reason of suffering, comprehension

of Divine Law, and reunion with those we call the Dead. Consolation.

This is the reason why there is no separation for the risen. Those who have died are not separated from us as we are from them. There is no bereavement in Paradise, and this is because sleep is a psychic condition, and they can reach us then; but we have not trained ourselves to bring back the memory.

There are many instances, among the poets and the saints, of inspiration obtained during the still hours of sleep.

One of the most beautiful of the hymns written by Cowper was obtained in this way. He writes in one of his incomparable letters:

"I began to compose lines yesterday morning before daybreak, but fell asleep at the end of the first two verses. When I wakened again, the third and fourth were whispered to my heart in a way which I have often experienced."

And Vaughan writes:

"And as the angels in some brighter dreams

Speak to the soul of man while he doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes

And into glory peep."

If this thought is pursued it will be seen that with the particular flavour of the personality, the character of the spiritual intercourse will accord. Cowper, a gentle suffering soul, as blameless as a flower and aspiring ceaselessly to the sublime, will in these hours receive the benefit arising from the expression of a poignant contrition, with all its renovating and sustaining joy.

Vaughan "communes with angels," receiving those strange thoughts that so "transcend his wonted themes" as to cause him to cry:

"O Father of Eternal Life and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume Thy Spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty."

And Coleridge built stately pleasure domes and heard dulcimers, and drank the milk of Paradise. So each goes to his own place in sleep, as in death, for the one is but the likeness of the other, providing identically, release.

Sleep and Death, the Twin Brothers, bore away the form of the god-like Sarpedon.

"*I wish*," said my Uncle Toby, "*I wish I were asleep*." It was his sole and sufficient comment

on hearing the heart-racking story of Lefevre. The exclamation of one seeking escape from pain. A way out.

And this gate opens nightly, for the weary and the sorrowful. Perhaps the words in the Bible should read:

“God giveth to His beloved in sleep.”

“His beloved” being the soul of man.¹

After the first week that I knew my loss in 1916, three times I saw Bim, once with my waking eyes—with the mud of the battlefield still upon his uniform—but of this I will not write—and after that a series of dreams took me to him. It was as if I were away with him, and invariably happy. These dreams left an abiding impression on waking, rather than one of remembered words. I walked with him, I held his arm, he bent towards me talking eagerly in just his own way; or

¹“*Arise, my love, my fair one, and come with Me.*” This is not the Saviour speaking to a Church (has He other temple than the human heart?), nor is it plainly an Oriental love-song. It is the voice of Christ speaking to Man’s soul.

we would be sitting together in an atmosphere of infinite content and leisure.

So great was the sense of consolation after one of these dreams, that the fact of his having died would on waking seem almost negligible; for hours after I was lapped in a sustaining sense of joy.

But these dreams are again different in nature to the story-dreams. Some day I must collect them all.

Shortly before Christmas in the year 1917 Bim told me through Feda I was going to have some help in a way she could not explain. "Some pleasant happening." He added: "it would be at Glen."

On the night of December 27, I had an enlightening and interesting dream, and on my return to London in January, Bim made to it, through Feda, a recognisable allusion.

CHAPTER XVI

Book-Test XXIII.

AFTER some winter months in London, we were once again at Wilsford in May 1919; but before leaving London, I had a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, at one point in which Bim spoke particularly of the Memoir of his life that I was then engaged upon, showing clear knowledge of the stage I had reached in my work. One point appealed to me as being especially characteristic. I quote from my notes taken at the time of the sitting, February 28th.

Feda said: "There is something he would like to say about another man; he is a little puzzled at this. Somehow he gives me the impression of two men. I don't know what they have to do with it—but it is as if they each might have to do with it, and have you given it to the one he didn't know? Because there was one man he knew, he says, in some way, and he thought you would have given it to him. Some one who was

so friendly; at least Bim says he felt friendly towards him, although—funny thing—he'd never seen him, he says. Still he goes on saying he thought you would have given the book to him."

Now to understand this, I must explain Mr. Blackwell of Oxford had published Bim's book of verse, *Worple Flit*, and a series of letters had passed between the two over this little volume; letters of an unusual nature in such a connection. Like all that Bim set his hand to, they are vivid, cordial, personal, and wholly removed from the dusty line of business, first, because of Bim's warm heart, and secondly, because of the intense delight and enjoyment he derived from the preparation of this little book. (He revised the proof-sheets on the eve of the Battle of the Somme, and one of his letters tells of having read some of his poetry to his friends among the officers of the Battalion, and of the pleasure he had received because of their approval.) He wrote of the interest Mr. Blackwell was showing in his poems, and constantly, as the letters that I have by me show, he asked his opinion in matters to do with the production of the book.

Now knowing all this, it seems to me entirely

fitting and characteristic that Bim should be surprised at the MS. of the Memoir having been given to Mr. John Lane for publication.

This is a very good instance of the profit and convenience that is derived from spirit communication, apart from the healing source of consolation it may be. Little things can be set right, slight perplexities removed, and the trifling give and take, and the ripple and flow in the familiar current of home-life, may be maintained and continued.

I said to Fedá in reply: "I understand; tell him I would have offered the book to his friend—Mr. Blackwell—but seeing the poem *Green Gardens in Laventie* in *The Times*, Mr. John Lane had written to me, asking, in the event of my writing any biography, would I give it to him; and feeling that this request was a tribute to Bim, I agreed."

Feda. "It's all right. He's quite satisfied; he knew there was some good reason, he says, only he wanted to know about it fully; he is going to give you a Book-Test from it now, he says, after he has talked to you about it. He likes the cover, he's quite satisfied about that, and the binding. The title was wrong at first, it was out of

place, and all squashed up together; he says I mustn't say that, but the letters were too big, wrongly arranged."

(This was so. When the sample of the cover was submitted to us, the letters in the name were crushed together, owing to too much having been placed in one line. His brother Christopher rewrote the title words for me, placing the name on one line, and the name of the regiment on the line beneath it, thus freeing the style, and relieving the cramped appearance.)

Feda continued: "He is so pleased about the dedication! The very last few words of this are what he likes. *He likes that very much*, he says, but why did you change it at the end? It made him so happy."

The words of the dedication are as follows:

"Emboldened by the thought of Bim's spirit of Good-Fellowship, and recalling that his first thought is ever to share his own, I dedicate this book to all those Mothers who have suffered the same loss. They will forgive its imperfection, and all I have found good to tell of my son here, they will feel to be most true of theirs. May the Light of Comfort shine on them."

Now notice this point. When I first wrote the dedication, the last sentence stood "May the Light of Comfort shine on them, as it has on me."

I subsequently struck out the words "as it has on me," on the ground of it being always weak and generally irrelevant to mention oneself in conversation or in writing. By the Light of Comfort I meant Spiritualism, and my desire was that others might be consoled as much as I have been, but nevertheless I struck out the last five words. Now here you have Bim saying:

"Why did you change it at the end? It made him so happy."

Yes—because in those five words Bim read an open avowal of our having been comforted, how greatly through his own unfailing love, he knows.

I again quote from my record:

"Something on page 5 is particularly pleasing to him, he says. A laugh between you and him. Well, you can take it as a whole, but there is an especial bit on page 5, he says, for you to look at, and to remember."

I said at this point, "But the proofs are away at the publishers now, and what figured as page 5 when last I had them to correct will be marked so no longer, owing to the interpolations that change the pagination."

"That's why he particularly gives you this Book-Test, because you can't verify it till you get the proofs again. When they come back, look out page 5."

The notes of a sitting are always read aloud to the family on my return, and the days of waiting passed quite slowly for all, we were so eager to see the reference.

When the proofs returned, I found on that page a description of an evening party Bim had given. (I had, myself, heard him on this occasion at the telephone in the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, not only inviting but adjuring absent guests to come.

"Now do! Every one that I like is here! You must come!"

"* * * *"

"Never mind—get up and dress again, and come on—do!"

"* * * *"

"Splendid . . . all right. . . ."

" * * * * "

He rose from the telephone, and said to me: "She said she'd gone to bed, but she's going to get up again."

We laughed together.

I said: "What tribute to your success as a host! to leave one's bed to go to a Ball . . ." and his happy face answered me, as he took his way again among the throng.)¹

When the proofs returned I looked on page 5, and read as follows:

*"These social gatherings were arranged with a characteristic precipitancy sometimes owing to the exigency of time, invitation being carried out by telephone, while the earlier invited guests were already streaming through the door.
. . . People have been known to rise from their beds to which they had already repaired, dress anew and hasten gladly, if late, to the festive scene."*

¹ *Edward Wyndham Tennant, 4th Gren. Guards.* By Pamela Glenconner. Published by John Lane.

"And," adds one of these, "he was the best and dearest of companions!"

We can bear witness to the verification of the Book-Test as described above.

(Signed) D. F. T.,
GLENCONNER.

CHAPTER XVII

Book-Test XXIV.

IN the spring of the year 1919 we were once more established at Wilsford, and on the 31st of May I received the following from the Rev. Drayton Thomas:

*South Hill Lodge,
Bromley,
Kent.
May 31st.*

DEAR LADY GLENCONNER,

I have again the pleasure of sending you a message received yesterday.

I believe these Book-Tests will go far to discredit the hypothesis of telepathy as a sufficient explanation of trance mediumship.

I hope this one will prove accurate in many points if not in all.

If successful, and of not too private a nature, I should be very glad to have your account of the findings.

Most sincerely yours,
C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

This was a Book-Test with six points of contact, four of which we traced.

I quote from the directions.

(1) "This test is from the same room at Wilsford as before; look to the right as you go in through the door. Third shelf up, take the fourth book from the left, page 33, and read rather more than half-way up the page, and you will find '*How my Mother's thoughts appear now, to me.*'"

Following these directions, we found the book, and the passage that appeared applicable read as follows:

"Neither Thayer nor any other writer attributes sufficient importance to *reflection*. . . . For this reason I deal with *reflection* at considerable length."

Now there are, it appears to me, two kinds of Book-Tests; sometimes the characteristic being an atmosphere of allusion, a general trend of meaning, in the gist of a given page or in the entire book, rather than any one recognised point or saying. The above seems to me a Book-Test of this nature, seeing that the whole chapter deals

with the description of life as lived in one element, and how it appears to the denizens of another; it shows how the conditions of their surroundings may render the life, say in water, practically invisible.¹ In such a case as this, the general intention of the message appears sufficiently evident.

(2) "Within a span of this book is one whose title expresses something connected with David, and what Bim was helping him with, a little while ago. . . ."

The book that was readily found in connection with these directions was within a span of the book first named; it is entitled *Caravanning and Camping Out: Experiences in the Open Air*, by Herbert Stone, published by Herbert Jennings. David is a devotee of caravanning, and his bed is in the garden the summer through.

The directions continue:

(3) "As you stand facing these books you will notice *a small white figure*."

This is so. On the oak panel to the right of

¹ *Marvels of Fish Life*, by Francis Ward. Published by Cassell & Co. 1912.

these books there hangs a photograph of a child of four years old, dressed in white.

The directions continue:

(4) "Bim says, on the writing-table in this room, standing on the top of it, is something connected with him."

On the writing-table in this room stands a large framed photograph taken of him in 1915, but placed there eighteen months subsequently.

The photograph of the child in white was hung here some months before this Book-Test was given, and more than eighteen months after Mrs. Leonard's visit.

During this spring we received other Book-Tests through Mr. Drayton Thomas,¹ but I will close the series now, not because they decline in excellence, but because I am anxious to avoid the long and detailed reports that characterise most books of psychological interest.

I believe the light of spirit-communication burns so dimly largely owing to the mass of débris its votaries heap upon its slender flame. It reaches

¹ From Shelley, Browning and Burns.

us already far too clogged by the superfluities and illiteracies of the control, and it is further confused with the but-partially-swept-aside-identity of the medium. How little, then, do we need the final and generally destructive touch of its exponent, which but too often of its vital flame leaves only

“A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest.”

So I will avoid weighting this book with a mass of material, giving but two more messages that we received that summer, through the same channel, and from the same source, though chronologically they should have had previous place.

CHAPTER XVIII

Book-Test XXV.

*South Hill Lodge,
Bromley,
Kent.
May 6th, 1919.*

DEAR LADY GLENCONNER,

The enclosed explains itself. I shall be most interested to learn how many out of the six items are successful.

Very sincerely yours,
C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

From notes of a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, on May 2nd, 1919.

Feda. (1) "Now Bim's test is in the study at Wilsford. It is to the right as you go in. The shelf is about three feet up, and the book is third from the left. Look on page 29. It has a summary of events in which Bim was interested.

(2) "Within a span of the above is a book whose title suggests 'tumbling down.'

(3) "A new photograph is near these books. It was not there previously.

(4) "An important piece of furniture in the room has been moved recently right round to the opposite side.

(5) "The view from the window is other than it used to be. The view is different. Feda is puzzled how a view can be different, but he says: 'Something is changed, and it makes the view look different, but he says it is only the people who live in the house who would know of it.'

One point of contact in this test we could not verify. I will take the items now separately, commencing with the last.

(5) "*The view from the window is changed in some way; it is different to what it used to be.*"

This is so. A large mulberry tree that stands on the lawn lost three of its limbs recently. The first one fell in the summer of 1918, and another came down in the following summer. A great portion of dead wood was then cut out from the tree, to lighten its constitution, and preserve what was still alive. This did not, however, prevent a further bough falling, with the result that,

when this Book-Test was given, a great opening in the tree had been effected, revealing the water meadows to the right beyond the river, and causing a marked change in the view. The excellence of this point in the test is evident, if you notice the attention drawn to the fact that only "the people in the house would know of it"; and this is so, for the mulberry tree still stands; only those would see the difference who can recall it as it was formerly.

(4) *"An important piece of furniture in the room has been removed right round to the opposite side."*

The week before this Book-Test was received the grand piano had been shifted the reverse way to that in which it had stood for years, the keyboard facing the opposite direction; but a discrepancy is here in that Feda said "An important piece of furniture *in the room* has been removed," implying in the same room as that in which the Book-Test was to be sought for. The piano, however, was in another room to this.

(3) *"A new photograph is near these books; it was not there previously."*

This is correct.

(2) "*Within a span is a book whose title suggests 'tumbling down.'*"

This proved to be an allusion to the Fall of Man, in the large copy of *Paradise Lost*; opposite page 201 is Blake's illustration of the "Fall of Lucifer": he is shown, with all his angels, falling headlong.

(1) "*Third book counting from the left in the Wilsford study, page 29. A summary of events that Bim was interested in.*"

The book proved to be Volume III. of *Shelley's Poetical Works*, edited by Shepherd, and published by Chatto, Windus & Co. in 1888; a large paper edition limited to a hundred copies. On page 29 we read *The Triumph of Life*.

On that page, and onward to the conclusion of the poem, I found the lines that follow.

I ought to make clear that in this passage, according to our custom, only the applicable lines are taken. Those discarded are represented by dotted lines, which, for one thing, respects the metre of the poem, and at the same time shows openly that we take only such lines as appear those intended. This seems to us to be legitimate, but in this particular instance something beyond mu-

tilation and selection has occurred. Isn't it remarkable, following this plan of elimination, that so beautiful and so complete a passage as the one given here should emerge, the outcome of the Test?

It is certainly not as Shelley wrote it; but doesn't it appear to have acquired an intention of its own?

Book-Test XXVI.

FROM *THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE*

"

.; so on my sight

Burst a new vision, never seen before;

And the fair shape waned in the coming light,

As veil by veil the silent splendour drops

From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

Of Sun-rise, e'er it tinge the mountain tops.

And as the presence of that fairest planet

Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

That his day's path may end as he began it

In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent

Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

.

*So knew I, in that Light's severe excess
 The presence of that shape which on the stream
 Moved, as I moved along the wilderness*

More dimly than a day-appearing dream;

.
A light of heaven.

.

*The new Vision,
 and the cold bright car
 With solemn speed and stunning music crost*

*The forest, from some dread War
 Triumphantly returning.*

.

*Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme
 Of one who from the lowest depths of hell,
 Through every Paradise, and through all glory*

*Love led serene, and who returned to tell
 the wondrous story,
 How all things are transfigured except Love."*

CHAPTER XIX

Book-Test XXVII.

WE have had so many messages sent in this way through Book-Tests, that I have even been careless in keeping them with their directions together, so that some are at this moment not available; but there is one of these that I would like to include here, in recognition of the pleasure it brought with it, although I cannot give the particulars, for I have not the notes by me.

It brought proof of how closely those who love us on the Other Side are able to follow us, and how surely they are aware of our thoughts and our activities. To make this meaning clear, I must say that the book that I had been working upon was at last nearing completion. I had corrected the final proofs, and returned them to the printer, saying to myself, "At last—that is done." Thoughts and heart lightened, I was at peace.

That week I received a Book-Test through Mr.

Drayton Thomas, and the passage in Shelley's poems that the directions led me to, reads as follows:

*"The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended, and the fruit is at thy feet;
No longer, where the woods to frame a bower
With interlacèd branches mix and meet,
Or where, with sound like many voices sweet
Waterfalls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen—
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever
been."*

This last message, and another that I have no space for now, chimed so perfectly with our thoughts when we received them, that we have no slightest doubt that it was Bim's intention to intimate to us conclusively that he dwells among us, and that our feelings and our thoughts are known to him.

When such communication can be established the Grave is robbed of Victory, and the heart hears with renewed understanding the words:

"I will not leave you comfortless."

CHAPTER XX

"Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Give the Pass-Word."

"Service."

"Pass, Friend, all's well."

I MARVEL that the Church should look on the activities of Spiritualism as antagonistic to her teaching. In its central attack upon materialistic thought it should be recognised as a valuable ally. For Spiritualism identifies the material with the spiritual universe. Here and now, it says, are we spiritual beings; here and now in the material world does the spiritual world stand revealed before us, and within ourselves powers lie hidden such as are believed to belong only to angels and demi-gods.

This world, as we with limited vision perceive it, is not complete, nor is it set apart from the rest of the universe. In all ages, and in all religions, there have been some who have known

this, and who have dwelt in conscious communion with other states of being. Equally true is it that these have constantly had to face or flee the hostility of the ignorant.

Those of us who have the new revelation at heart feel grateful that at the Lambeth Conference, held lately, the subject of Spiritualism was given prominence, and it is well that it was so. The Church cannot afford to overlook or deny the Spiritualism of the present day, because it is a living thing, and has brought the living Word to many.

I am not alluding now to the physical phenomena, significant though this is, but I mean the teaching behind the cult of Spiritualism. And what is its teaching? It is the renewal of the Divine Promise, "*Thou shalt not die but live.*"

"But is not this the message the Church gives her people?" you will say. "Why turn away to hear it from others?" Well, let us consider this point. Is it the message the Church has been delivering? Has she not, in the past, insisted rather on the resurrection of the body than on the immortality of the soul? In Holy Scriptures we are nowhere told our physical forms shall rise

again. Where texts appear teaching this clumsy misunderstanding of truth they have been mistranslated, either accidentally or by intent. Take the familiar instance of the nineteenth chapter of Job. The correct translation is: "Though after my skin this body be destroyed, yet without my flesh I shall see God." Yet we never hear it read like this. The old error is perpetuated.

I do not mean that the Church still believes in the resurrection of the body, no one now thinks dissection to be inimical to the Resurrection Morning; (and yet—can it be believed?—this was the reason why for years dissection was illegal, and the progress of medical science seriously retarded, while in its interest the odious practice of body-snatching prevailed;) but I do mean that it would infinitely increase the Church's influence were she to recast some of the forms of worship, correcting misstatements, and reanimating her great machinery by a fresh influx of this truth. It is not good for people's souls to keep saying what they know is not true, and it is quite as dishonest as some of the charges brought against Spiritualism.

The crux of the difficulty felt by some minds is that Spiritualism is often spoken of as a religion,

as if, in itself, survival were a religious fact; but Spiritualism is in no sense a religion. It is not more divine to survive Death than it is to live a span of earthly existence. What one may truly say of Spiritualism is that if the survival of Death be scientifically established and accepted, it makes belief in a Divine Order far easier, and a spiritual life, therefore, easier to find.

The Church is shackled by mediæval doctrine, and many of her rites and the character of hymns chosen are totally out of key with the trend of thought of the people. And yet sometimes it would almost seem as if the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body had even to-day its adherents. Would there have been the bitter outcry we have heard as to the graveyards in France and the form of headpieces had the Church teaching been clearer on this point? Would so great a desire have been shown to bring the bodies back from where they fell so honourably? The mourners stand looking down into the pit, and there is a great sound of weeping. And this is where Spiritualism may be most beneficent. It comes forward with the shining words, "*Why seek*

the living with the dead bodies?" Surely we often forget the import of these words?

I have received pressed flowers, strands of grass, photographs, even a pencil drawing of the grave where lies the body of my son. These offerings are sent with the utmost tenderness, and are received by me with gratitude, but they seem strangely irrelevant. I look upon that particular patch of soil in France as I might regard any wardrobe at one of the schools he had once frequented that had at one time held his clothes. It seems almost laughable to connect him with the grave. Yet one cannot expect to correct this easily. Herd-thought centres on cemeteries. The Human Race has always hugged its Mortality; the one thing it was sure of, you see.

And yet such great movements as Christian Science and the Universal Church, the Order of the Christian Mystics, and the followers of the New Thought, are signs that many people have outgrown the archaic teaching. Look at the baptismal service in the order of Common Prayer. It is full of the monkish ignorance of the Middle Ages, dark with the threats of a God of Wrath.

Or consider the Lent rites, the service on Good

Friday as it is usually observed. How materialistic is the trend of thought, how heavily is the bodily side of Christ's death dwelt on, how strongly the Crucifixion is emphasised. Here is grave-worship again. Or is it the relic of a belief in the Great Sacrifice that is to placate the God of Wrath towards Man, His creature? if so, Spiritualism may again act beneficently if recognised, for her teaching is that it is the Life of Christ that is to save us, not His crucifixion.

The character of the Lent service is unwholesome; steeped in a blind mood of solemn misery. Just as "prettiness" is the bane of Art, so "solemnity" has been the bane of Religion. So much is considered "secular" by the Church mind, whereas the New Dispensation reveals there is nothing secular except sin.

I am not overlooking the Easter Service, but here again the stress, surely, is laid upon a false assumption; for the Church preaches the Resurrection of Christ as a divine and unique act, while we know that it is not in His Resurrection that we witness Divinity. It is because *in Life He showed us what we all may be, and in Death, what we*

are all doing, that He claims forever our worship and our love.

"The people that lay in darkness have seen a great light."

There are, however, signs of a change in the rigid attitude of the Church, and that she should change is not only to her own welfare, it is important to the well-being of Spiritualism. We need her sympathy. Spiritualists are led astray if they think their wind-blown taper will shine to preservation unless the noble structure of the Church is set as a lantern about it; but to the Church herself, an open mind toward the growth of this subject is imperative. Let her overcome her prejudice, and "try this Spirit, whether it be of God." To try the Spirit, however, means that Churchmen should read the best books on the subject, attaching themselves to the Society of Psychical Research, and themselves should hold a circle of investigation, and this with an impartial mind, for at least three years before coming to a decision.

They should read a course of Theosophy, and when they have become enlightened as to the psychic constitution of Man they will find them-

selves fitted to serve and help souls on both sides of the grave, for there are many on the further side in need of ministration.

Accepted religion teaches the Communion of Saints, and we tell of the communication of souls. Is there any difference save in degree? Mortals must be souls first before they are saints, the fruit must ripen. The harvest before it is in the barn is in the blade, and Christ demonstrated in His own example that after death it is good to meet and speak with our friends.

Here someone will say: "That is quite different, what we object to is the medium."

This is a remark you may hear constantly; it stands for great fastidiousness, refinement, an impeccable taste. "If I must die, I must die; but don't touch my top-knot, says the Peacock"—and so true is this, that you might pervert the text and say that with these people "Perfect taste casteth out Love," for they infinitely prefer neither to hear of nor from "precious friends hid in death's dateless night" rather than jar their own feelings.

They would like communication, but they do not want it in this way; but in making their

protest against a medium they are on a par with one who might say, "I like a picnic, but must there be a hamper?" or "Music is a great solace, certainly, but I object to the instrument."

Unfortunately progress in regard to this matter was retarded by hundreds of years through the wholesale slaughter in the Middle Ages of those with psychic power called witches;¹ and in the present stage of development the services of a medium, for spirit communication, are usually essential.

But here is a point wherein Spiritualists should show discernment. Let them be circumspect in the character of those whom they select, and having found a medium whom they respect, let them be content and constant, for the channel deepens and the current strengthens, with regularity and use.

One change the Church has made of importance. Before the Reformation, the day following All Saints' Day was observed as one on

¹The inhabitants of the Hebrides, and other outlying parts of Europe, are richer in second-sight and clair-audience than people elsewhere, because the witch-hunt was not pushed so far. They were unmolested.

which to remember and pray for the human failures, the wanderers, who had passed from earth unawakened, the mystic Christ within them still unborn. After the Reformation, when the narrow-minded heresy decreed that physical death fixed for ever the condition of the individual, All Souls' Day was obliterated from the calendar.

Now All Souls' Day has been replaced, and although this has been done chiefly through a desire on the part of the clergy to prevent their congregations flocking to mediums in order to establish communication with the dead, yet it is a tacit recognition by the Church of the truth of one of the main teachings of Spiritualism.

The fundamental mistake that is commonly made lies in believing those we love are in any sense changed through having experienced the incident of death. By the shedding of the material body, their individuality is neither diminished nor enhanced. If they desire to communicate with those they love, and have the knowledge that this is possible, they will do so just as naturally as they would have used the telephone or sent a telegram in previous days.

Sometimes you hear the objection advanced

that the means of communication are so paltry; but when my son was in France, he took a pen with which to communicate with his Mother; he did not think it too trivial an instrument. It served. And it is the same now: he takes what he finds serviceable to this end, and there is nothing sacrilegious or astonishing in the matter.

In the Scriptures, how many instances are there not recorded of God speaking to His people through various manifestations of the Spirit, taking to His use even tables of stone? Is it contrary to a conception of His inalienable mercy that we should believe that to-day He speaks to us in the spirit of those we love?

But with all this said, let us see to it that we, who wish the truth established, may be diligent in the sorting of the false from the true. Let us choose the more admirable from among the less worthy expressions of spiritual activities. There is great need for this. Let it be disentangled from the fortune-telling, the fraud, the foolish jocosities and vulgarities with which this subject has been too long enmeshed.

It is this odious confusion which has done so much to depreciate the truth; it has left the sub-

ject open to the rightly strong and just denunciation of the Church on the one hand, while on the other it is delivered over to the Press, which treats it with inexcusable levity. Happily the conditions now existing have brought about a change in this direction. The widespread suffering and the influence of grief have ennobled Spiritualism. It has been cleansed from many impurities, and greatly rid of the defects that characterised it before the War. If you stay to think of it, you will see that it could not have been otherwise; for on the one side you have the prevailing spirit of exalted sorrow, and upon the other the great crowd of witnesses. There are so many hands thrust back to clasp our own here, so many hearts eager to tell us that they are yet near us and alive, that there is no room for charlatanry, even were people inclined to be fraudulent. "*There is no room for death.*"¹

Sir Thomas Browne observes somewhere, that the Banner of Truth would never trail in the dust were it not for the standard-bearer, and I have great apprehension lest I should jeopardise

¹This poem is given in full in Appendix III.

in any degree by my own inadequacy what I hold to be true. It is certain that no subject suffers so richly at the hands of its adherents as this matter of Spiritualism, and I think the chief fault lies in the direction of confusing it with religion. Spiritualism, I must repeat, is in no sense a religion. From my earliest years I was educated in this line of thought and given literature on the subject, but never was I led for a moment to think that it should stand in the place of religion. It was given rather as a light of knowledge in which to view the teaching of Christianity, and in this light to comprehend the amazing narrative of the New Testament; and the study of the phenomena of Spiritualism supports rather than conflicts with these narratives of the life of Christ; there is good reason to believe that some of the miracles wrought by Him were effected through knowledge of the very laws that govern the phenomena of the present day. And when we consider this, is not the attitude of pious people towards this subject deplorable? Consider their ignorance of its teaching, their suspicion, their contempt; yet such as are able to bring toward it an unbiased mind, surely these will become aware of a like-

ness between its phenomena and the experiences of the disciples of the Lord?

In looking back on my early years I recall one experience with especial gratitude. It was my privilege to sit in a fully developed and private circle, a circle distinguished for its authority and high standing, and notable as providing Frederic Myers with much material that appeared as evidence in his great book, *Human Personality after Death*. I can sum up quite briefly the outcome of this; I learned that death is an incident in life, and life is continuous; that communication with those we call the dead, under certain conditions, is possible; that the conditions under which those we call the dead exist are not greatly dissimilar to those of earthly life. I learned that the Spiritual World is immanent, and that it lies with ourselves how far and how clearly we perceive this; and finally I learned that it is by the life of Jesus that we shall be "saved," and not by His death, and this only so far as we follow, in our own lives, His divine example.

I look back on all this and see its solid value, and the people concerned in the movement who visited my parents' home—Edward Maitland,

Gerald Massey, Gurney, Myers, Crookes, Mount Temple, Wilberforce—these I heard of, or heard converse, and their books lay on our tables—let me take this opportunity to greet them, and salute their names anew.

I record this merely to make clear that when the time came to need the comfort proffered by Spiritualism, I turned to it as naturally as leaves turn to the light. And in no flight of an emotional nature nor in a credulous dependence, but I did it in just as common-sense and practical a manner as I would have gone about to book a passage or to send a cable to New Zealand, had it so chanced that my son had gone to that quarter of the globe.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is not death, for death is a means of progression. The last enemy that shall be swallowed up is the separation of death, for this is the outcome of materialism, and anything that obstructs instead of revealing, wars against God. Will not the Church then recognise the higher Spiritualism, thereby rekindling the fires upon her altars, and regaining evidence of those activities of Spirit which illumined the early years of the Christian

faith? Its evidences are but the shadow of God, yet some testimony of His nearness to the exiled souls of men.

“For where will God be absent? In His Face
Is light, but in His Shadow healing too.
Let Guido touch the Shadow and be healed.”

APPENDIX I

MRS. LEONARD'S ACCOUNT OF HER MEETING WITH FEDA.

“Commonplace minds usually condemn everything that is beyond the scope of their understanding.”—*Roche foucauld*.

IN December 1910, I met two sisters, to whom I was introduced when I was out visiting some friends. After exchanging a few words with me, one of them asked me if I was a Spiritualist? I replied that I was very interested in the subject, and finding they were of the same mind we decided to sit together for development. They came to my house on an appointed day and we selected a small table in bamboo, and we sat round it with our hands resting on its surface, but for quite a considerable number of sittings, without any result. At the twenty-seventh sitting one of the sisters became very impatient, and taking her hands off the table walked away and sat reading a book at the further end of the room. Within two or three minutes the table began to move. We received messages from several friends, spelt out by means of tilting the table; my Mother communicated, and several others, then a long name

was spelt out beginning with F. We could not pronounce it, so we asked if we might select a few of the letters, and make use of those as a name? The answer "yes" was given, so we picked out F.E.D.A., and this is how my acquaintance with Feda originated.

Feda told us she was my great-great-grandmother, a Hindoo by birth, that she was brought up by a Scottish family, and that she had died very soon after her marriage, at the age of thirteen. I remembered that my Mother had told me of this Hindoo ancestress. Feda then told us that she was going to control me as "she had work to do through me, because something was going to happen on the Earth plane in a great way and my services would be wanted."

I was not pleased with this, as I wanted to develop normal clairvoyance, but Feda said, "No, you must be controlled, because otherwise your own mind would interfere with everything we wish to give, through you." So I began to think seriously about it, although I did not want to be entranced.

We continued our table-sittings, to which Feda came regularly. She was so helpful and comforting that I became quite fond of her, and many of the messages were of evidential value, as we were told things that we did not know, and only afterwards proved them to be true; she would tell us of occurrences happening at a dis-

tance which we subsequently found correct. We went on like this for several months, and I began to feel that perhaps I was wrong in refusing to allow her to work through me. She was delighted when I told her so, but although we sat regularly for eighteen months, she did not succeed, indeed it was only when I gave up trying and was getting rather bored by the proceedings that she was able to succeed. One evening, feeling very tired of what was happening, I thought I fell asleep for a few moments. When I awoke I was surprised to see my friends bending over me, in great interest. They told me I had been in a trance for an hour and a half, that Feda had spoken through me, bringing many messages from friends on the Other Side. She had repeated that a dark time was coming in which she had work to do, and that I would be needed as a medium through whom she would be able to bring assurance of a life after death.

We had many sittings; they did not affect my health disastrously. I am much better and stronger in health since I developed than I was before.

At first it was not easy for Feda to concentrate on what was serious or advisable. She had to train herself to the service; sometimes it was difficult to get her to attend to what we wished. It took eighteen months before she was proficient. When she became able to do what we wanted she said I must take up the work professionally. I was very diffident about it, as I did not think

I could do this work to order, but Feda promised that she would look after me from the commencement.

I started first by holding circles in Western London; from the first moment they paid my expenses. After that the War broke out, and in a few months' time people were coming to me wanting test messages about those who had passed on. Feda then asked me to give up my public sittings, as the conditions, she said, were not always good. She told me that at a circle on a previous day a boy who had been killed in the War had been most anxious to speak to his Mother in the circle, but could not get through to her because two people present caused a frivolous and uncongenial condition.

So I gave up my public circles, and commenced private sittings, and very soon I had far more people wanting to sit than I could accommodate.

Feda has told us that the benefit of her work with me is twofold. It is a period of service that is required of her, and while she ministers to others she makes spiritual progress in her own soul. She had so short a term of earthly life that probably in this work she acquires something of the training and knowledge that is derived from a span of earthly existence.

Ever since the moment of her first speaking through me till now, she has been working—to use her own words—“as just a messenger.”

GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

APPENDIX II

FROM PLATO'S "DIVINE DIALOGUES."

"WE shall do our utmost, Socrates," replies Crito, "to obey you. But how will you be buried?"

"Just as you please," says Socrates, "*if I do not slip from you*. At the same time," looking upon us with a gentle smile, "I cannot," says he, "attain my end in persuading Crito that this is Socrates who discourses with you, and methodises all the parts of this discourse; and still he fancies that Socrates is the thing that shall shortly see death. He confounds me with my corpse; and in that view, asks me how I will be buried. And all this after the long discourse that I have made to you lately, in order to show that as soon as I shall have taken the poison, I shall stay no longer with you, but shall depart from hence, and go to enjoy the felicity of the blessed; in a word, all that I have said for your consolation and mine, is to no purpose, but is all lost with reference to him. I beg that you will bail for me to Crito, but after a contrary manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my

judges; for he engaged that I would not be gone. Pray engage for me, that I shall no sooner be dead, than I shall be gone, to the end that poor Crito may bear my death more steadily, and that when he sees my body burned or interred, he may not despair, as if I suffered great misery, and say at my funeral that Socrates is laid out, Socrates is carried out; Socrates is interred. For you must know, my dear Crito," says he, turning to him, "*that speaking amiss of death is not only a fault in the way of discourse, but likewise wounds the soul.* You should have known that my body is to be buried; and that you are at liberty to inter it as you please, and in the manner that is most conformable to our laws and customs."

From *The Phædo: a Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul.*

APPENDIX III

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere;

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God, within my breast,
Almighty ever-present Deity,
Life, that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in thee.

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË.

APPENDIX IV

“RECOGNISED INTELLIGENCE.”

DURING the Autumn of 1920, while this book was being prepared for publication, I had a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, in the course of which a Book-Test of the very latest development was given me. It is a scheme planned to obviate still further the possibility of the operation of telepathy, or the action of subconscious memory; and to compass this, the Test is devised to be found on the front page of the issue of “The Times” newspaper, *for the following day*.

The father of the Rev. Charles Drayton Thomas is said to have been the inventor of this form of Book-Test; and a certain number have already been received. It is peculiarly valuable, as it meets the objection of the sceptic in spirit-communication, who holds that we may retain in the subliminal memory the contents of all the books that we have ever read, even to the numbers on the pages, and who consequently discounts the validity of the more usual form.

It is placed among the Appendices here as this book was already too far advanced in production for it to be included in the text.

BOOK-TEST, OCTOBER 11TH, 1920.

(*Directions.*)

1. "Now in 'The Times' of *to-morrow*, on the front page, in the second column about half-way down, you will find *Stephen's name*."

(*Tracing of the above.*)

In the second column of "The Times" of October 12th, halfway down the page, was the name *Stefano*.

(*Continuation of directions.*)

2. "Now close to it is a name 'suggesting' a place that Bim knew very well, and liked *tremendously* when he was on the Earth Plane."

(*Tracing of the above.*)

An inch lower than this name *Stefano*, we found the name *Freda*, the name of a friend who used to ask him to Bournemouth, *Fontmel Priory*. When a child he loved this place so much that he called it "The House of Wish."

(See Memoir of E. W. T. by his Mother.)

(*Continuation of directions.*)

"Now, in the first column, near the top, are the names of two people, names in the family, both of whom have passed on and are with Bim

on the Other Side. One has often been mentioned in sittings."

(Tracing of the above.)

In the first column, near the top, the two names *Harold* and *Pamela* occur. Both are names in the family, both people having these names are on the Other Side, and one of them (*Pamela*) has been mentioned often during Bim's sittings.

(Continuation of directions.)

"Now in the third column, he thinks within two inches of the top (of the paper?), are words that may form a message for Bim, a message that he says 'he would have liked to have said to you *on the 22nd,*'¹ and don't forget, he says—*it's only a few words*, because some other words close to it would spoil it."

(Tracing of the above.)

In the third column, within two inches of the top—of the paper—are the words:

"MY LOVE ALWAYS"

The words immediately preceding this are, "*make a point of seeing T's fiancée: to your advantage to do so,*" thus entirely endorsing the warning that "other words close to his message

¹The 22nd of September (1916) was the date of Bim's passing.

would spoil it"—“only a few words: *My love always.*”

(*Continuation of directions.*)

“Going back to the first column, there is the Lord’s name, lower part of the first column, and the name of a close relation of his who has passed over. Both names are close together, within half an inch.”

N.B.—Feda always alludes to Bim’s father as *the Lord*.

(*Tracing of the above.*)

In the first column towards the lower part, the name *Edward* appears, and had Feda said “connection” instead of “relation” the test would have been complete, for close to the name *Edward* is the name *Alexander*, one representing a close connection with the Tennant family.

Thus in a Book-Test with six points of contact, all with one slight inexactitude, have been traced satisfactorily.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

CONCLUSION

AND now my work draws to a close.

It will be good if it may cause people to think that there is something that is not evil in Spiritualism.

In the beauty and gentleness of the power behind these quotations, in the healing consolation they bring, in the Divine Source of sympathy of which they tell, surely readers of this book will be able to recognise something of the writer of those simple words?

"Eternal Love—

from Bim."

Those who are discarnate have the fuller life, theirs is "an ampler ether, a diviner air," and if they love us, their wish is to share it with us, and the more they can do this, the greater is their happiness and ours.

To those who would question, "Is it wise or

right to bring them down to us; ought we to keep them within our earthly conditions?" I would answer that you cannot bring back that which has never departed, and in regard to the possible detriment of their life through our earthly conditions, I would reply that you do not limit or cramp a Spring day by opening a window. There is sufficient fullness of warmth and air outside to fill a room with light and beauty, and yet the day itself to be no whit diminished.

Often I desire that the truth of this possibility of communicating with those we love who have gone on, may be the knowledge of all; but it seems as if to so many the need of evidence is too great—it blocks the way. They wait on the threshold of what might be a supreme joy to them, actuated more by mistrust, and a hundred other feelings, than by love. The thought of this is painful; it is like closing a door in the face of those who would minister to us; an ungracious act.

It is largely true that the quality of the communication we receive depends greatly on our capacity for appreciating what is given, for the gold is mixed so deeply and so lamentably with

dross, that you must sift and sift unceasingly; but if we have an open mind and a loving heart we receive proof as well as comfort in greater abundance than one can tell. Those who do not care for it will not have the knowledge thrust upon them, and those others who, as we read in the Bible, "*do hold to the side of Death, do find it*"; but for all such as are ready to investigate this matter with fair-mindedness and patience there awaits

"A morn, no heart imagineth."

Death is a gateless barrier, and those on either side of it who know this, pass through; and "sorrow and sighing flee away."

*Here's not also human life?
Have not we, unthinking creatures,
Slaves of folly, fear, and strife,
Voices of two different natures?*

*Have not we too?—yes, we have—
Echoes from we know not whence,
Voices from beyond the grave,
Recognised intelligence.*

*Such rebounds the inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar;
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,
For of God, of God they are.*

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